

FROM THE DIARY OF YOUNG NORWAY.

[By an enterprise unprecedented in the annals of journalism, our representative forestalled the special correspondent of *The Daily Mirror* last week, and obtained the following extract from Prince OLAF's diary, by methods into which it is no business of ours to inquire. This interesting fragment from the pen of the illustrious visitor to our shores will doubtless be the more eagerly perused on account of the fact that it was not written for publication.]

Sunday.—Haven't been seasick yet. Hope nothing happens before I get to England. Papa and Mamma are coming with me, although I told them it wasn't really necessary. Expect Grandpa will be there to meet us, as I'm his grandson and Mamma's his daughter.

Monday.—Don't think much of Grandpa's yacht; it won't keep still. Did not lunch with Papa and Mamma to-day; did not lunch at all—first time I have missed in three years. I hate the sea and don't want to be a sea-king. If I can't be a king without being a sea-king, I want to be an engine-driver. Uncle GEORGE met us at Portsmouth. He's a Prince like me. But his Papa and Mamma don't follow him about everywhere he goes. He didn't give me half-a-crown, although he's my Uncle. Asked Papa if he was a *real* Uncle. Papa said yes; so don't see how he can get out of it. There's one tune the band keeps on playing which I don't like. Not a bad tune really, but every time I hear it I have to stop whatever I'm doing, and stand quite still with my hand to my head, until it's over. Don't know why, but I get into such a row if I don't do it. They played it when Uncle turned up. When I'm King I won't have any nonsense of that sort. Grandpa's a King, like Papa.

They played that tune again at Windsor, and I pretended not to hear it. I like Grandma awfully, although she didn't give me half-a-crown. She kissed me in front of all the people. If I can't be an engine-driver I'd like to be a Mayor. People in streets seemed glad to see me; I stood on the seat and bowed all the way to the Castle. Mounted policeman would be rather a nice thing to be. My room isn't half bad, but I don't care much for the pictures. Toys very satisfactory. There's a footman as well (Grandpa knows how to do things in style), and I made him kneel down so that I could play mounted policeman. Then Nurse came in and stopped it.

Tuesday.—Didn't join the shooting party to-day. Stayed in Castle watching Grandpa's soldiers, who amused me. Listened to band—that tune again, but I took no notice. Then Nurse came in and caught me taking no notice. She was wild and said I must. I said I shouldn't. She said I must. I said I shouldn't. And we kept on like that



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, Mr. Punch begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. II.—"THE PARTING."

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST DROPPED A FUSEE BETWEEN HIS HORSE AND SADDLE.

till the tune stopped, so I won. Looked at newspapers. I like them taking a lot of notice of me, but don't see why they should keep on calling me a "pretty incident."

Wednesday.—Papa and Mamma went with Uncle GEORGE and Auntie MAY to a place called London. Wanted to go too. Papa said he was awfully sorry, but there wouldn't be room for me at luncheon. They got back in afternoon. They had to eat soup made of tortoises, so I am glad I didn't go. Papa brought back a gold box. I wanted it to keep dominoes in. It's really for cigarettes. I expect I shall get it if I keep on at him. Last night, Grandpa gave Papa a garter, but I haven't had any half-crown yet. Of course, nobody can see Papa's garter when he wears it, so he wears a

sash, just to show that he's got one. I should have chosen a pony myself.

"Under the Victorian Pure Food Act," says *The British Australasian*, "sausage-meat or saveloy sausage must contain not less than 75 per cent. of meat, and not more than 50 per cent. of water."

POSSIBLY the saveloyard does not often go up to the full legal limit and put 133 per cent. of meat and water into his sausages. But when he does, one can understand that the thing needs to be put into a skin to keep it from bursting.

"Wreckage is being washed ashore at Abermawr, Pembrokeshire. It is feared there has been a wreck."—*Morning Leader*.

AUDITED and found correct.
Punch, M.R.I.C.A.

THE PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST.

[With acknowledgments to the Editor of "The Car."]

Who is the happy road-deer? Who is he
That every motorist should want to be?

THE PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST thinks only of others. He is an Auto-altruist.

He never wantonly kills anybody.

If he injures a fellow-creature (and this will always be the fellow-creature's fault) he voluntarily buys him a princely annuity. In the case of a woman, if she is irreparably disfigured by the accident, he will, supposing he has no other wife at the time, offer her the consolation of marriage with himself.

He regards the life of bird and beast as no less sacred than that of human beings. Should he inadvertently break a fowl or pig he will convey it to the nearest veterinary surgeon and have the broken limb set or amputated as the injury may require. In the event of death or permanent damage, he will seek out the owner of the dumb animal, and refund him fourfold.

To be on the safe side with respect to the legal limit, the PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST confines himself to a speed of ten miles per hour. He will even dismount at the top of a steep descent, so as to lessen the impetus due to the force of gravity.

If he is compelled by the nature of his mission to exceed the legal limit (as when hurrying, for instance, to fetch a doctor in a matter of life or death, or to inform the Government of the landing of a hostile force) he is anxious not to shirk the penalty. He will, therefore, send on a swift messenger to warn the police to be on the look-out for him; and if he fails to run into any trap he will, on returning, report himself at all the police-stations on his route, or communicate by post with the constabularies of the various counties through which he may have passed.

At the back of his motor he carries a watering-cart attachment for the laying of dust before it has time to be raised.

Lest the noise of his motor should be a cause of distraction he slows down when passing military bands, barrel-organs, churches (during the hours of worship), the Houses of Parliament (while sitting), motor-buses, the Stock Exchange, and open-air meetings of the unemployed.

If he meets a restive horse he will turn back and go down a side road and wait till it has passed. If all the side roads are occupied by restive horses he will go back home; and if the way home is similarly barred he will turn into a field.

He encourages his motor to break down frequently; because this spectacle affords an innocent diversion to many whose existence would otherwise be colourless.

It is his greatest joy to give a timely lift to weary pedestrians, such as tramps, postmen, sweeps, and police-trap detectives; even though, the car being already full, he is himself compelled to get out and do the last fifty or sixty miles on foot.

He declines to wear goggles because they conceal the natural benevolence of the human eye divine, which he regards as the window of the soul; also (and for the same reason) he never wears a fur overcoat because they accentuate class distinctions.

Finally—on this very ground—the PERFECT AUTOMOBILIST will sell all his motor-stud and give the proceeds to found an Almshouse for retired Socialists.

O. S.

We have long felt that the only way of getting a thing is to ask for it. Waiting modestly by until somebody anticipates your wants may be pretty, but it isn't business. In this we have JOSEPH H. YOUNG with us. In the *Irish Times* he says quite plainly, yet courteously:—

"BOOTMAKERS.—I want four Peg and two Sewed Men.—Joseph H. Young, Bootmaker, Ballinasloe."

MAX IN DIEPPE.

[With apologies to MAX in "The Daily Mail."]

It was time that I crossed to France, for the day when it was cleverer not to do things than to do them has passed. In that old day (whose fruitfulness was its barrenness), in the glorious eighties and early nineties, one sat tight and refrained, and gathered a great reputation by so doing. By never having a play produced one could be known as a very exceptional dramatic force; by keeping one's mouth shut one was thought a very SOLON; by merely inverting a proverb once a year in the right drawing-room one became a wit, and a very dangerous one. Details were important then, and a youth who parted his hair prayerfully had the world at his feet.

But now! No one looks at one's hair to-day. Everything has changed. To-day we must all be active. We must make money where we used to make epigrams. The young men who are not active are lost. It is the age of braininess (as distinguished from brains) and pushfulness. The age of the hustler. No one who whispers is heard. In the old days, in the eighties and early nineties, the whisperer spoke the loudest. But now. Look at me, where I am writing.

What will you? We must belong to our times. Here am I—I, MAX, the most famous of the refrainers, the most accomplished artist of all in the cult of acquiring a reputation by the minimum of effort—here am I in *The Daily Mail* all among the twencents, and doing—what? Serving up Dieppe, with jocular sauce for the halfpenny groundlings. What will you?

To tell truth, it was time I went to France. All the others had been; I alone was left; and—with all these new notions as to efficiency about—it was getting to be ridiculous. One must not be that. Pathetic one may be, even now, but never ridiculous.

You get your tickets, it seems, from a man named Cook. It is a horrid name; but they seem to be good tickets. They are done up in a little green portfolio without extra charge. If you are wise you get a guide-book. Here we are on more congenial ground, for the guide-book man is named BAEDEKER, which has a homelier sound. I could almost conceive of a MAX BAEDEKER...

One goes to France by train with an interlude of steamer. Had I realised that there was a steamer I think I should have after all refrained. The sea! How I hate its unevenness, its delays, as of a Piccadilly always "up."

As I thought about it, standing there in the booking-office with my new Baedeker in my hand, I wondered if it were too late to turn back. Perhaps my friends had been right, after all. I, personally, had been much delighted by the prospect of this journey, this emprise. But my good news had been received very gravely by everyone to whom I told it. Instead of the rather envious congratulations that might have been looked for, I seemed to evoke nothing but pity and awe—pity for my fate, awe at my bravery in facing it. I searched in vain for one person who would say, "How charming for you!" one person who would not dilate on the ferocity of the *douaniers*, and the strength of the coffee. But no. "I hope you won't take any articles of value with you. All the people are thieves." (I replied that I possessed nothing of the slightest value, and was insuring my luggage for a fabulous sum.) And "What on earth will you find there to write about? Every one has written about Dieppe." (Then, said I, my task would be so much the easier: I need only do some copying out. I did not mean this, of course; but it produced its laugh. Modern as I mean to be, I draw the line at copying.)

I always had an idea that one went to France from St. Pancras; but that is wrong. You go to Dieppe from



OUR INVADERS.

CAPTAIN OF THE SPRINGBOKS. "WHAT WAS THIS FERREIRA TRYING TO DO WITH HIS SCRATCH LOT, WHEN IT'S OUR TEAM THAT'S MAKING THE ONLY AUTHORISED RAID?"

MR. REFEREE PUNCH. "WELL, THERE'S BEEN A WARM RECEPTION FOR BOTH OF YOU—WITH A DIFFERENCE!"



"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING—"

Governess. "YOU'RE A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL, CHRISTABEL, TO KICK YOUR COUSIN LIKE THAT!"

Christabel. "I DIDN'T KICK HER."

Governess. "OH, HUSH, DEAR! I SAW YOU KICK HER SEVERAL TIMES."

Christabel. "I DIDN'T. I MISSED EVERY TIME!"

Victoria or London Bridge, by a train that takes you through Surrey and Sussex (ah, the green hills!) to Newhaven. It was there that I had my first terrible shock, for we had been so long in the train and I had read my *Baedeker* so assiduously that I had come to believe myself in very France indeed. And here at Newhaven, when I thought to step out of the train into that glowing courteous land, I found I was still in England the grey and desolate, and four hours of the dreariest element ever created separated me from my new raptures. I looked out the words "resignation" and "courage" in my pocket dictionary, and repeated them to myself until they dominated my brain. "Resignation, courage; courage, resignation," I said, over and over. By a stroke of luck, such as I must confess I rarely experience, both words are the same in French as in English, but with a slight distinction in the pronunciation.

Why some Mathematicians don't Shave.

"The WEDGE. Razors are examples of this machine . . . The wedge in all practical work is driven forward by a series of blows."

Extract from Robinson's "Dynamics."

"What Manchester thinks to-day—"

"WELLINGTON himself was a stern, though not an over-severe, disciplinarian. Some of his hard stand-up fights might be said to have been won by force of discipline. Trafalgar and Waterloo are examples."—*Daily Dispatch*.

"Referring to football, the Rev. H. G. ROBERTS declared that 'manufacturers will be making hats a size less and the boot manufacturers a size greater if the present craze goes on.'—*Evening Telegraph*.

Is the race degenerating? Not while our boot manufacturers are being made a size larger.

THERE is a knack about advertising in the *Church Times*. For instance:—

"RELIABLE LADY long, excellent references, Companion, House-keeper, care, tuition backward motherless children (great experience), other position trust. Valuable elderly lady, gentleman. Cheerful, reader, walker, correspondent, drive."

And again:—

"USEFUL HELP. Small House. Two in family, treated as one."

In each case the mere words are nothing, the idea of a great soul in travail everything.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER IX.

The Eminences of London.

LONDON, like the Eternal City—as Mr. HALL CAINE has somewhere remarked in one of his most impressive passages—is built upon seven hills, viz., Campden Hill, Denmark Hill, Haverstock Hill, Highgate Hill, Lavender Hill, Notting Hill, and Primrose Hill. There are, it is true, other gentle eminences such as Hornsey Rise, Brixton Hill, Ludgate Hill, Pentonville Hill, Lord ARTHUR HILL, and the famous Roman Catholic *persuasive*, Mr. BELLAIRS HILLOCK, but the seven hills that count are those that we have named.

The bold contours of Primrose Hill, a dome-shaped eminence of volcanic origin, render it one of the most attractive features in the landscape of the North-Western district. The best approach is by Rosebery Avenue, and to view it right one should choose the occasion of one of the periodical beanfeasts of the Liberal League, when its summit presents an aspect of great animation. The ascent is steep, but climbers can dispense with a rope, which, however, is indispensable on Haverstock Hill, a favourite resort of Alpinists and rock-climbers. Indeed, etymologists are not wanting who assert that the name is a blend of Haversack and Alpenstock.

Campden Hill, which can be approached either on foot or in a hired vehicle, has a twofold title to distinction. Its proximity to Holland Park endears it to all Liberals, while as a favourite haunt of artists and literary men it exhales an atmosphere of culture. Though easily within the four-mile radius, it contains several noble residences standing in their own grounds, with extensive lawns, shrubberies, and even forest trees. It is surmounted with a noble reservoir, stocked with rainbow trout, eels and other fish, in which first-rate angling can be had by the permission of the ground landlord, Mr. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE; and many are the Waltonians who come here. It was here that Mr. BULLEN landed his first cachalot.

Students of seismology find Campden Hill a peculiarly congenial *habitat* owing to the tremors produced by the Underground Railway. Musicians frequent it in great numbers—it is enough to mention two, Lord ALVERSTONE and Sir

CHARLES STANFORD, and postillions are to be observed all day long in Church Street.

There is one other point to be mentioned in connection with Campden Hill. If you are not very articulate in giving your instructions to your cabman, it is more than probable that he will transport you to Camden Town. Should this happen, do not fail to pay a visit to the famous Veterinary College and Horsepital, which, if the metaphor be allowed, is one of the lions of the neighbourhood, as well as a triumph of civilisation. Here you will have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with quadrupeds in every stage of decline and convalescence. You will see horses and oxen in bed, in splints, in bath-chairs, almost in every conceivable position except in a teacup.

Campden Hill is connected by a

and here, when he rides down to court the local Muse, Mr. HALL CAINE never fails to stable his Shetland pony. Brixton Hill, another gentle acclivity on the Surrey side, is within easy walking distance, while of Lavender Hill it is enough to say that it fully equals the odorous anticipation excited by its name.

SURPLUSAGE.

"Mr number," said the polite member of *The Times* Book Club, "my number I have for the moment forgotten. It begins with a 'Z,' ends with a nought, and contains a number of 6's and 7's scattered here and there throughout the whole. Please give me a book."

"Owing to the lamentable conduct of the Publishers," answered the still more polite Attendant, "we have at present no books to give you. Will you accept instead a pound of butter?"

"Anything," said the member, "to oblige a lady and to spite Mr. POULTEN. But why butter?"

What do you suppose that member's number was?

Speaking candidly, do you think that he really had a number?

I am a member of *The Times* Book Club, but I have never seen Mr. POULTEN. I have stopped men in the street and have said to them, "Are you Mr. POULTEN?" I have gathered from their answers that they were not (by a long way) Mr. POULTEN. "Then," I have said to them, "how would

you like to be an Admiral?"

I may add that I have gathered also from these chance encounters much interesting information regarding my own parentage and my probable prospects in the hereafter.

But what has this to do with the case? Nothing. What I want to say is this:—I am a member of *The Times* Book Club (have I said this before?) and yet I have not written to the papers about it. Why should not I write to the papers? Why should a hearing be denied me? Why should "T.12345/6789, &c.," have his say, and not I? Why, indeed?

I desire to express my entire and cordial agreement with everything that has been said on both sides of this controversy, and to add on my own behalf the above episode which I have invented for the occasion. Having little or no point it will (I hope) successfully baffle both parties.

For the present I can think of nothing further to say on the subject.

"R.S.V.P. '9."



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
THE QUADRANGLE OF THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN.

narrow spur with the twin peak of Notting Hill, and in frosty weather excellent tobogganning can be had down the east and west sides of Campden Hill Square into the Uxbridge Road—a sport in which Mr. CHESTERTON, the Napoleon of Notting Hill, has long exhibited a remarkable proficiency.

Denmark Hill, which is rife with Scandinavian associations, involves a trip across or under the river, but richly repays the perils of transit. It has long been famous as the rendezvous *par excellence* of the dramatic profession. On its upper slopes, when the weather is not too inclement, you may encounter Miss EDNA MAY, conning her part in *Romeo and Juliet* or some other Shakspearian play, Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN meditating his next presentation, Mr. SIDNEY LEE musing on the cares of trusteeship, or Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER engaged in a friendly bout of jiu-jitsu with Mr. TREE or Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT. The "Elsinore Arms"—a sumptuously appointed temperance hotel—is a favourite haunt of Mr. BERNARD SHAW,

ROSES—FOR AMATEUR GROWERS.



"LA PETITE MIGNONNE." FINE YELLOW. SINGLE. VERY VIGOROUS.



"RÊVE D'AMOUR." SOFT TRANSPARENT PINK, VERY PRETTY; BEST UNDER GLASS.



"LUCIE BRISE-CŒUR." DELICATE CREAMY WHITE, MOST PERFECT FORM.



"PETITE INNOCENCE." STRONG COLOUR, AND A WONDERFUL GROWER. NEEDS ATTENTION.



"PRIDE OF BRIXTON." A HARDY SORT, DOUBLE, FLOWERING IN CLUSTERS.



"LORD RAMBLER." CRIMSON, GLOBULAR; VERY LARGE AND FULL.

PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE.

THERE were twelve tables numbered A, B, C up to—well, twelve of them; and I started at E because my name is ERNEST. Our host arranged us, and of course he may have had quite another scheme in his mind. If so, it was an extraordinary coincidence that my partner's name was ETHEL. She herself swore it was MILLICENT, but I doubt if one can trust a woman in these matters. She looked just like an ETHEL. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be ETHEL to me.

There is only one rule at Progressive Bridge, and that is that if you lose you go on to the next table, and if you win you stay where you are. In any case you get a fresh partner each time. That being so, it seemed hardly worth while to ask ETHEL what she discarded from. As it happened, though, she began it.

"I discard from strength," she said.

"So do I," I agreed gladly. We already had a lot in common. "Great strength returns the penny," I added.

"What's that?"

"Moderate strength rings the bell. It's a sort of formula I say to myself, and brings luck. May I play to hearts?"

ETHEL discarded a small heart on the first round of clubs, and a small club on the first round of hearts. After which, systematically and together, we discarded from great weakness. What with the revoke and other things they scored hundreds and thousands that game.

"You know, where Providence goes wrong," I said, "is in over-estimating our skill. Providence thinks too highly of us. It thinks that if it gives us a knave and two tens between us we can get a grand slam."

"Yes; and I think—I think, perhaps, that just the *least* little bit it underrates DOROTHY'S abilities."

"Indeed?" I said. DOROTHY was the person who had just taken 298 off us.

"Yes. You see, DOROTHY *has* played before. I don't think Providence knew that."

"It rather looks like that."

"Mind," said ETHEL graciously, "I don't blame Providence for not knowing."

DOROTHY laughed, and cut for me. I dealt myself three aces, and went no trumps. To my surprise DOROTHY'S partner doubled, and led the ace of hearts.

"One moment," I said, and I took it up, and looked at the back of it. Then I looked at the back of my own ace of hearts. Then I looked at the front of it again, and swore very softly, and played it.

"I'm very sorry," I apologised at the end of the game. "I had a wolf in

sheep's clothing, an ass in a lion's skin. You saw me play the three of hearts? Well, do you know—it's very sad—he actually pretended to be the ace. Hid his head behind one card, and his feet behind another, and only—well, I thought it was the ace."

At the end of the round ETHEL and I moved on.

"Good bye," I said to DOROTHY, "I like watching you play. If you wait here I shall be round again soon."

My next partner was called AGGIE. ETHEL addressed her as MARY, but she was much too lively for MARY. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be AGGIE to me.

She began at once.

"I discard from weakness, partner. I like hearts led, I never go spades on my own, I live on tapioca and toadstools, and the consequence was—"

"It's the same with me," I said, "except about tapioca. I don't like tapioca. In fact I always—er—discard from tapioca. Otherwise we agree. It's your deal. Now," I said to ETHEL, "we shall see what Providence thinks of our comparative merits."

Providence made no mistake. In the whole round my partner and I scored once only. *Chicane* in spades. I moved on to G. I should never see ETHEL again.

"I always play the Canadian discard," said VIOLET, "and I like spades led."

I need hardly say that AGGIE, whom ETHEL called MARY, spoke of VIOLET as MARGERY. But she looked much more like VIOLET, and she will always be VIOLET to me. I had never seen her before, though, and I shall never see her again.

"So do I," I said. "Do you know Canada at all? I always wish I had been there."

"I go a good deal to Switzerland," said VIOLET. "Are you fond of Bridge?"

"No, never; that is, I mean, 'Very.' Shall we cut?"

The "Canadian discard" hardly does itself justice under that name. It is no mere discard, but embraces all the finer points of Bridge. It leads through weakness, and blocks your partner's long suits, and trumps his tricks; and, though I couldn't discover any recognised system about it, revokes now and then. I too, from tact or sympathy, or some such motive, played the Canadian discard for all I was worth. We got to H without any difficulty. . . .

J, K, and L may be passed by, for nothing much happened there. For some reason "I" was left out, or rather, run into J. I cannot understand the point of this. To every man his table, and I feel convinced that I should have done remarkably well at "I." I had

been looking forward to it all the evening. I don't much care about betting, but I am prepared to wager a hundred pounds that I should have got a grand slam at "I."

It was somewhere down in the X's that I met MAUD. I had been round I don't know how many times, and was feeling quite giddy. ALICE, ELIZABETH, IRIS, MABEL—they were all forgotten when I came to play with MAUD. HEFZIBAH (on my right) called her MILLICENT or something like that, but I knew really that her name must be MAUD. I had never seen her before, I shall never see her again, but she will always be MAUD to me.

"I discard from hearts," I said. "I like my weakest suit led, I have revoked three times this evening, at table G on the right-hand side of the fireplace I played the 'Canadian discard' and I shall never play it again, at K as you go round the lamp I had four aces and my partner went spades, I've had rotten luck all through, and I'm enjoying myself very much. Shall we be very cautious, or would you like to play a dashing game?"

"Oh, let's dash," said MAUD.

I dealt, and went no trumps on two aces. To my great surprise HEFZIBAH'S partner doubled and led the ace of clubs.

"One moment," I said, and I took it up, and looked at the back of it. Then I looked at the back of my own ace of clubs. Then I looked at the front of it, and swore very softly, and played it.

"I'm very sorry," I began at the end of the game, "but—"

"Haven't we met before?" said MAUD, with a smile.

I looked at her hard. "By Jove! ETHEL!" I cried.

"My name's MILLICENT," said MAUD, "and seeing that we met for the first time a few hours ago—"

"Yes, you were my first partner. ETHEL."

"I'm sorry. Who is ETHEL?"

"I beg your pardon," I apologised. "But I always call my first partner at Progressive Bridge ETHEL. It's a sort of hobby with me."

"I see," said MAUD—I mean ETHEL. Well, I suppose I must call her MILLICENT now. Though I had never seen her before, and shall never see her again, she will always be MILLICENT to me.

Another Scandal about J. Caesar.

Was he a bigamist?

"It is generally admitted, even in the Radical camp, that the Ides of next March are likely to prove as fatal to the Progressive spendthrifts of the L. C. C. as they did to Lady MACBETH'S wretched husband."—*London Correspondent of "The Liverpool Courier."*

"THE TIMES" EXPERIMENTAL BATTLESHIP.

(A Naval Forecast.)

Dec. 1.—*Times* announces that it intends, in connection with its Book Club, to build within two months an Experimental Battleship, to be called the *Dreadthought*, capable of destroying any Battleship in the British Navy, as model for future construction.

Dec. 2.—Law officers declare such action illegal without leave of First Sea Lord.

Dec. 3.—Sir JOHN FISHER agrees to allow experiment to proceed on following conditions:—

- (1) Battleship to be built at Houndsditch.
- (2) Designs to lie for ten days on table of L.C.C. Steamship Committee.
- (3) When completed, Battleship to remain in Dry Dock in permanent Commission in Reserve with nucleus crew.
- (4) First Sea Lord to appoint nucleus crew.

Dec. 4.—Conditions agreed to by *Times*.

Dec. 5.—Keel of *Times* Experimental Battleship laid.

Feb. 6.—Battleship reported complete. Rejoicings at Houndsditch.

Feb. 7.—Sir JOHN FISHER appoints Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE to command.

Feb. 8.—Sir JOHN FISHER appoints, as members of nucleus crew, Editors of *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News* and *Morning Leader*, and Naval Experts of *Times* and 200 Provincial Papers.

Feb. 9.—On protest in Parliament at too exclusively journalistic character of nucleus crew, Sir JOHN FISHER agrees to add following Peers and Members of Parliament: Lord PORTSMOUTH, Lord WEMYSS, Lord HENEGAGE, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Sir GILBERT PARKER, Sir HENRY NORMAN, Mr. ARTHUR LEE and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.

Feb. 10.—Mr. HALL CAINE writes to *The Times* to ask if Literature is to be wholly unrepresented, and mentions following facts: (1) That Man is an Island. (2) That the Manxman is a splendid Sailor; and (3) That by ancient charters the owner of Greeba Castle is allowed to keep three boats at his private pier. The last fact, however, he does not wish to press, &c., &c.

Feb. 11.—Sir JOHN FISHER explains that he always intended to add a supplementary literary list, and will publish it without delay.

Feb. 12.—Literary List published, headed by name of Mr. HALL CAINE, and including Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, the Editor of *Old Moore's Alman-*



Cabby (who has just received one shilling and twopence for a two-mile journey). "Hi, CHARLIE! HERE'S THE BLOKE WOT'S GIVING THE MONEY AWAY!"

ack, Dr. GORDON-STABLES (R.N.), Mr. ANDREW LANG and Mr. C. K. SHORTER.

Feb. 13.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE hoists his pennon and makes statement to the Press that the most exhaustive trials of the seaworthiness of the Battleship will be made in Dry Dock.

Feb. 14.—Board of Admiralty issue semi-official statement to the Press to show that really satisfactory steam trials can only be made in Dock, and that if the Battleship were added to the Mediterranean or Atlantic squadrons she might be a cause of jealousy and unpleasantness to other commanders.

Feb. 15.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE writes to the Press to say that the nucleus crew is beyond praise.

Feb. 16.—Public announcement that Dr. GORDON-STABLES has won Horse Marine Steeplechase.

Feb. 17.—Experiment declared successful. Nucleus crew paid off.

Feb. 18.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE, speaking at dinner of Billingsgate porters, asserts that if Experimental Battleship went to sea she would be sunk in ten minutes.

Feb. 19.—Immense sensation caused by Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE's speech. Explanations demanded.

Feb. 20.—Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE explains nothing derogatory to Experimental Battleship intended. He was only stating a fact well known to all naval experts when declaring that a Battleship with a nucleus crew would be destroyed in first ten minutes of naval warfare.

Feb. 21.—Explanation accepted as satisfactory. KAISER telegraphs congratulations to Rear-Admiral ARNOLD WHITE and Sir JOHN FISHER, and states he has ordered all officers of German Imperial Navy to study system of nucleus crews.



Beater (to hure that refuses to leave her form). "GET OOP, YE LAZY LITTLE BEGGAR, AN' JOIN IN T' SPOORT!"

THE RAID AND THE RAIN.

ON Thursday last in Westminster there was something curious brewing ;
 You might have seen with half an eye that people were up and doing.
 A sort of tension there was in the air, a sort of terrible feeling.
 Made up of a wish to slap a face and to start a bout of squealing.
 And to scratch out eyes, and to tear out hair, and to fly into a passion,
 And to scream for votes with a feminine voice in a most unpleasant fashion ;
 And to seize on men and to give them fits and talk to them out of season,
 As creatures who must be brought to own the might of a woman's reason.
 And here and there in the murky air of a mid-November noon-tide
 Queer resolute shapes were flitting about with their hair done flat and their shoon tied.
 And they all looked fierce as fierce can be, and Inspector SCANTLEBURY,
 When he saw them flitting about the place, he didn't look very merry.
 For he had felt how a woman slaps when on the tiled floor slipping
 He fell on his back and lay there flat, and (oh, but the sight was ripping!)
 The feminine host bore down on him with the force of an angry pale storm
 And slapped his face, as he lay supine, till it sounded like a hail-storm.

So he says to his men, the Inspector says, "We can't let the women shout here ;
 And if," he says, "they're for getting in, you must all of you keep 'em out here.
 They may howl for votes if they like," he says, "until they have spoilt their beauty ;
 But they shan't howl here in the Commons' House, so, men, you must do your duty."
 Then the desperate DESPARD came by stealth and the passionate PANKHURST peered in,
 And motor-cars brought a good score more, as to Westminster they steered in,
 And things began to look very black, and the clerks of the House were quaking,
 And the members were blue and green with fear, and the SPEAKER himself was shaking.
 When all of a sudden the rain, the rain ! oh, then there began a hurry,
 For the ladies put their umbrellas up and then they started to scurry ;
 And DESPARD scattered and PANKHURST flew, and the rest of them said, "It's no go,"
 And fled like the Russian fleet pursued by the guns of the gallant Togo.
 So that was the end of the female raid and the threats that were said in vain there
 When the draggled women they turned for home as they felt the pitiless rain there.

"Traveller wanted, to push motor accessory."—Daily Telegraph.

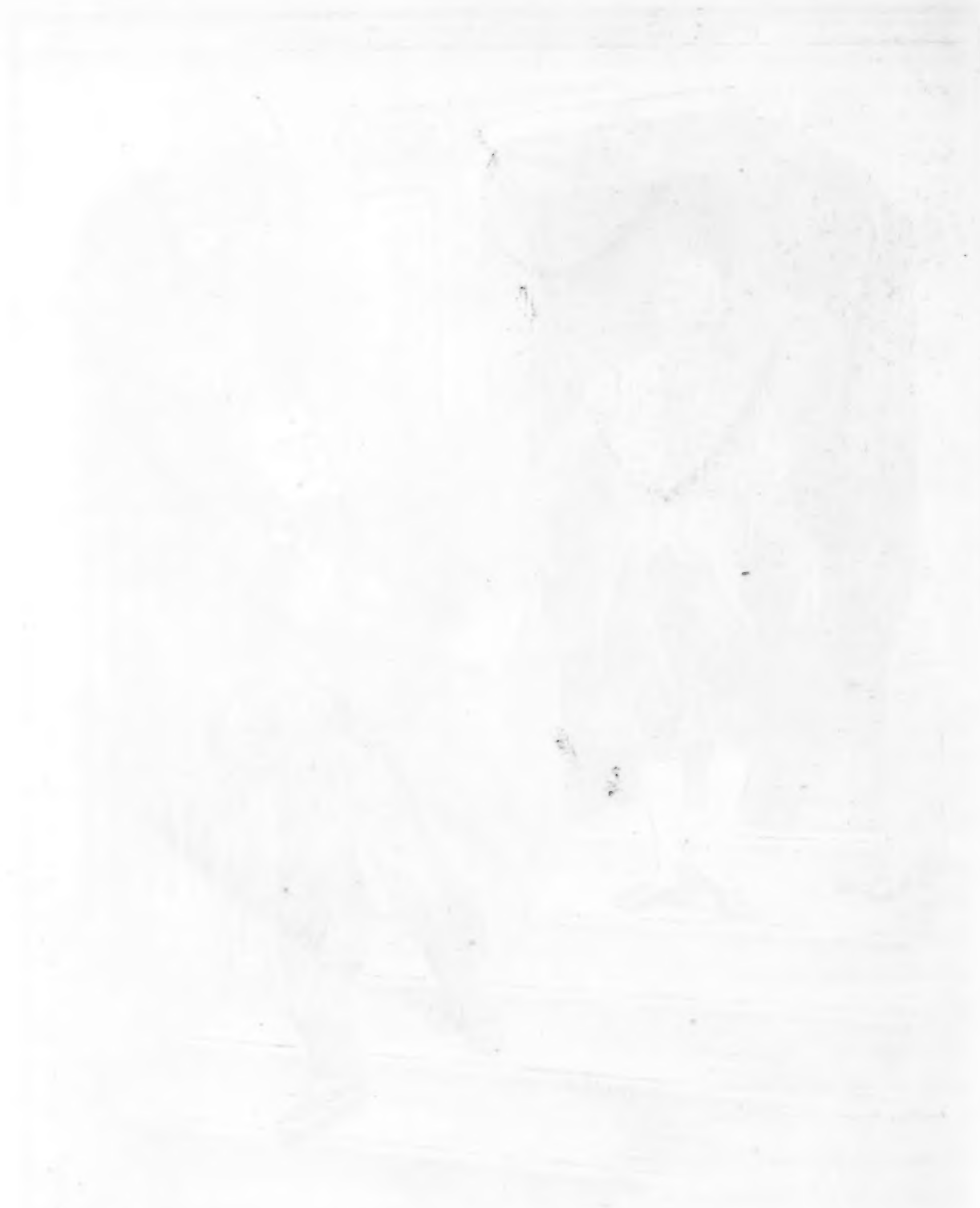
It is well said that what is the poor man's work is often the rich man's recreation.



THE CHALLENGE.

FOOTMAN OF NOBLE HOUSE (to Mr. Birrell, who has had a stormy interview). "YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR GLOVE, SIR."

MR. B. "NO! I FLUNG IT!"



THE CHURCH

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY
ST. JOHN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 12.

—Foggy out of doors. Condition of

clined to approve this happy dispatch. Suggested a further amendment. ST. ALDWYN actually moved one, being a proviso to one earlier submitted. Then came the crowning difficulty.



"ON THE KNEE!"

This word of command is not wholly unknown in politics, and it sometimes leads to the same result as in the recent lamentable case at the Portsmouth Naval Barracks.

(Sir H. C-B. and Mr. K-r H-rd-e.)

atmosphere pellucid compared with that which fills both Houses of Parliament. Lords still in Committee on Education Bill. Have reached Clause 7. Find on arriving at this point there is no Clause 7. Someone remembers that it was struck out last week. Must put in another.

LLANDAFF submitted one. CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH supported it. Bishop of HEREFORD preferred clause of his own drafting. ST. ALDWYN "felt a difficulty about the matter." CREWE, in charge of Bill, declared against something or other. STANLEY OF ALDERLEY flashed happy thought through murky atmosphere. Suppose we don't substitute a clause? Why have a Clause 7?

Noble Lords inclined to jump at this conclusion. It would save a lot of trouble. Would also establish happy precedent. Paper bristled with amendments to subsequent clauses. If the problems were easy, capable of being understood of the Peerage, well and good. If not, off with their heads. LANSDOWNE, taking official view, de-

House prepared to divide. On which amendment? Attempt meanly made to throw responsibility on CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Lord ONSLOW not born yesterday, or even the day before.

"Your Lordships," he said with freezing dignity, "are masters of your own position. If you will indicate on which amendment you propose to divide, I will submit it."

A dead silence followed. Had hoped for better things from CHAIRMAN drawing salary of £2500 a year, paid quarterly. The PRIMATE looked at Leader of Opposition. LANSDOWNE suddenly displayed absorbing interest in structure of the Woolsack. ST. ALDWYN proved master of situation. His amendment, having been moved last in a long series, still (to a certain extent) lingered in the memory. It was accordingly put from Chair, and, by a majority of 151 to 43, the clause, to quote the official reports, "was agreed to down to the words 'and that.'"

"What clause is it?" ARMITSTEAD whispered to PIRRIE.

"You'd better ask the CHAIRMAN," was the cautious reply.

PIRRIE been in House only a few months; has already learnt something of diplomatic ways.

In the Commons Land Tenure Bill taken in hand. Question arose, "What shall he have who killed the deer?" In the matter of deer taken in New Forest short shrift and the gallows were of old time decreed. HOBART testified that he had not seen any deer in the New Forest. MARK LOCKWOOD, jealous for reputation of his native heath, told how his constituents were occasionally provided with venison pasty, consequent upon deer escaping from the Forest and rooting up their garden cabbages. By ancient custom they were in such circumstances permitted to slay the deer. Wonderful what a passion the deer displayed for certain cabbage tracts.

This suggested to Viscount TURNOUR a Hard Case. Clause under discussion provided compensation for damage done by game.

"That's all very well," said the Viscount. "But suppose, Mr. SPEAKER, that a Radical landowner"—here he stared hard at C-B, half asleep on Treasury Bench—"whose property adjoined a deer park, made a hole in



A FIRST-RATE GUIDE IN A LEGISLATIVE FOG. (Viscount St. Aldw-n.)



"YOUNG S-L-SB-RY."

"He venerates the office of the Primate, but thinks it might be filled by a more enterprising Churchman."

the hedge, let the deer into his land and then demanded compensation for damage."

This sinister picture had paralysing influence on House. Several Members composed themselves to sleep, whilst the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who had been closely conning the Bill, jumped up with announcement of discovery that "it is to be construed as the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1883, which applied to land belonging to the Crown."

Lord ROBERT CECIL shook his head. Observing which the Labour Members, knowing thereby that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL must be in the right, loudly cheered.

Tuesday, 9.40 A.M.—As HART DYKE would say if he were still with us, the early bus passenger skirting Palace Yard caught this morning a very big worm. Through the fog, clamouring for cabs, hurried a long line of legislators, some in evening dress whose crumpled state added final touch of uncanniness to the spectacle. House been sitting all night with incidental reference to Land Tenure Bill. A dreary performance that might have been avoided by exercise of a little tact. Only person who really enjoyed himself was Mr. FLAVIN, and in his case perfect satisfaction was marred by non-appearance on scene of the police. Still he made the best of it, interrupting Members all round, and having great game with KENYON-SLANEY.

Opportunity enticing for that eminent statesman. On ordinary occasions House

shows some impatience with prolongation of his neatly ordered speech, over whose attenuated sentences he lingers with loving deliberation. In the circumstances of the sitting he and FREDERICK BANBURY were the men of the hour, not to say an hour and twenty minutes. The Colonel rose to the occasion, many times to his feet.

Day was breaking over distant Primrose Hill when he was up again, good for another forty minutes. Hardly had he opened his mouth when a voice from the neighbourhood below Gangway, where Mr. FLAVIN lounged, interposed with in-

quiry, "What have you done to HORNE?"

The remark obviously irrelevant. It might with equal point have taken the form, "What did you do with the North Pole?" Its effect on the Colonel extraordinary. Forgetting for moment iniquities of the Government, but even at white heat of anger retaining his ornate style, he retorted, "If the hon. Member will let me know who he is, I shall know in what part of the House sits a slanderer." Irish Members, properly shocked at anything approaching disorderly language, insisted on the phrase being withdrawn. The DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN ruling it out of order, the Colonel, more sinned against than sinning, was compelled to retract before proceeding with his speech.

CLAUDE HAY rising once or twice in effort to look over PRINCE ARTHUR's head and count number of Ministers on Treasury Bench was accosted from Irish camp with the cry, "Sit down, LITTLE TICH."

This greatly tickled the fancy of drowsy members.

Otherwise a dreary sitting, a waste of time and tissue, no credit to House, a distinct rebuff to the Government.

Business done.—Sat up all night with the Land Tenure Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday. Pretty to watch countenances of noble Lords as they listen to young SALISBURY on his legs battering Education Bill. Members of House of Commons, looking on from Gallery over Bar, marvel at the change that has overtaken him

since he came into the Marquissate. Whilst he was still with us, seated on Treasury Bench, he rarely took part in debate. In the Lords he—like, yet how unlike, GLADSTONE going from Oxford to Lancashire—is unmuzzled.

Handicapped by Ministerial responsibility, he was never able to let himself go. Began well enough. There was the famous outburst of pride and patriotism that marked an early stage of his Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. It happened long before the war with Russia presented Japan in a new light. Some inquisitive Member asked what progress was being made in the direction of securing a Treaty between Japan and Great Britain.

"Great Britain," loftily replied Lord CRANBORNE, "grants treaties, she does not ask for them."

That too much even for the PREMIER. The MARKISS not lacking in sympathy with the utterer of blazing indiscretion. Secretly proud of the demonstration of soundness of the chip of an old block. But foreign nations have absurd sensibilities on these subjects. Accordingly edict was issued that the UNDER SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS should not in any circumstances make verbal reply to supplementary questions. With paper in hand, his answer dictated by the PERMANENT SECRETARY and supervised by his Chief, all was well.

In the Lords these restrictions have vanished with the past. The new MARKISS sits on the Front Opposition Bench, none daring to make him afraid.



"LITTLE TICH."
(Hon. CL-de H-y.)

A certain amount of deference of course due to his nominal Chief. He venerates the office of the PRIMATE, but thinks it might be filled by a more enterprising Churchman. From time to time he shows how a House of Commons majority that lays sacrilegious hands on the Ark of the Church should be treated.

His style of speech is in its shrill vehemence reminiscent of the female suffragists conversing with the police in the Central Lobby. No one knows to what length his righteous passion may lead him. Even when he resumes his seat there is no immediate surcease of apprehension. Noble Lords eye him askance as if apprehensive that he will produce and wave aloft a banner bearing the inscription "The Schools for the Church." His incursions are embarrassing to authority. But in an age of make-believe, in an atmosphere of ceremonial, it is refreshing to find a man who uncompromisingly declares his belief on questions to the fore. Like Brother HUGH, whose absence from another place is daily lamented, young SALISBURY compels esteem by inflexible honesty of purpose, unfaltering courage in upholding what he believes to be right.

Business done.—Report stage of Merchant Shipping Bill.

A NIGHTMARE OF NOMENCLATURE.

See "Names for Baby" (Pearson).

Your Gellibrand is waiting by the gum-tree,

He lingers 'neath the palm and deodar;
O tell him that you love him under *some* tree,

And who the *Safronette* you really are.
Let *Unna* call the cattle home, and stop not

To sport with *Ravelina* on the green;
By the tangles of his *Adosinda's* top-knot
O come into the garden, *Glycerine*!

O *Jeromette*, my only joy, my true love,
Forgive me if I'm getting rather wild;
But I'm doubtful if I really care for you,
love,

Or *Ichabod* the solitary child.
Minella might be in the Moated Grange,
dear,

If it wasn't for the houses in between;
But—*Gellibrand* is feeling rather strange,
dear...

So come into the garden, *Glycerine*!

"GERMAN, LATIN, AND FRENCH.—P. V. would like to communicate with natives speaking the above languages."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

We do hope he will find his Latin native all right; but he must try to turn the conversation away from tables. Latin natives are very touchy about tables, or *mense* as they call them.



Hilda (who has taken her little brother out to a tea-party, mindful of parental advice on diet).
"GOOD-BYE, AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR HAVING US. WE DID HAVE PLAIN FOOD, DIDN'T WE?"

WHAT! BABY BEARS!

[It is stated that baby bears are fashionable as drawing-room pets this season.]

WHAT! baby bears are *comme il faut*?
Æsthetic taste has fallen low!

So dainty dames with kisses ply
A shaggy shape with greedy eye
And deck him like a boudoir beau;

And let their merriment o'erflow
At country kin, not in the know,
Who gasp, as they prepare to fly—
"What! baby bears!"

Fair dames, another debt you owe—
A debt you disregard, although
The nursery's placed so very high
To drown a small resentful cry
That how can modish mothers know
What Baby bears?

Commercial Candour.
(From an Aldgate Windone.)

SHAVING BRUSHES.

Badger, 1s. 6d.
Pure Badger, 2s. 6d.
Real Badger, 3s. 6d.

CHARIVARIA.

THE country is congratulating itself that FERREIRA'S Raid has had no such disastrous effect as JAMESON'S Raid. It has not, so far, called forth a poem from the POET LAUREATE.

Two days after news of the Raid reached this country, a nervous old Highland lady read in her paper, "The South Africans have arrived in Scotland." She promptly bolted her front-door.

The late General SHAFER weighed 21 stone. This is partially explained by the fact that he had an iron will.

It is reported that the POPE has decided to accept the situation created by the French law for the separation of Church and State, and France will now disarm.

Another statue has been stolen from the Louvre. Some cities have all the luck. No one steals any of our London statues.

It is thought unlikely that all the War Office staff will be installed in the new building before next year. The difficulty of getting the War Office to move is notorious.

We hear that the fact that a performance of *The Man from Blankley's* was given before the KING on the occasion of his birthday has caused grave dissatisfaction among certain of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects living in Bayswater, who hold that play to be a gross libel on the inhabitants of their district. It is even rumoured that HIS MAJESTY has received several invitations from Bayswater hostesses anxious to correct false impressions.

A usually ill-informed Continental contemporary tells its readers that the Book War in England has now entered on a more acute phase, and that the premises of Messrs. GREENING & Co., publishers, have been burnt down.

We are continually reminded that nowadays humour is not confined to the comic papers. For instance, the following exchange of repartee is reported to have taken place with the rapidity of lightning last week at a meeting of the Southwark Borough

Council. It was, we are told, absolutely *impromptu*. The ex-Mayor (to Mr. DEVONNY): "You're an ass." Mr. DEVONNY: "Then you're a donkey." (Loud laughter.)

The *Gentlewoman* has been complaining of the edifices of hair which now crown so many ladies' heads at the theatre and are as great a nuisance as the *matinée* hat. It is difficult to know how to remedy the evil. We doubt even, if ladies were allowed to leave

and the grateful babies, we hear, intend to present him with a vote of thanks as soon as they have learned to write.

We certainly live in a philanthropic age. The proprietor of *The Throne*, a journal written by the Aristocracy for the Aristocracy, are now issuing an edition at sixpence for slum-dwellers.

"The Westminster City Council," it is announced, "has decided to ask Major-General Lord CHEYLESMORE to sit for his portrait in oils." To have one's portrait taken is always an ordeal, but when the victim has to sit in oils—well, we shall be surprised if his Lordship accepts the invitation.

There would seem to be no limit to the audacity of some members of the Upper House. One day last week Lord MILNER coolly suggested that the rights of *British* settlers in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony should be safeguarded! Lord ELGIN administered the reproof that this show of partisanship deserved.

The weather suddenly became so warm last week that *The Reader* published a timely article by Dr. NANSEN on "How to reach the North Pole."

The Commissioner of Police states that a great scientist is endeavouring to produce a machine which will measure noise. The difficulty, we understand, is to make one strong enough to stand a motor-bus.

A motor fire-engine dashed into a house in Southwark Bridge Road last week, but fortunately did not set the place alight.

The Cleveland (Ohio) branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has decided by ten votes to seven that a millionaire cannot be an honest man. In several instances pathetic scenes were witnessed when the news was broken to millionaires who had been trying their hardest.

A Variety Artist.

"S. H. DAY, the Corinthian and International forward, showed brilliant form for Middlesex at Ealing on Wednesday, and, in addition to scoring four goals off his own boot, had a hand in the other three."—*Beckenham Journal*.



CURRENT COOKERY.

Waiter. "YES, SIR, WE'RE VERY HUP TO DATE 'ERE. WE COOK HEVERYTHINK BY HELECTRICITY."

Customer. "OH, DO YOU? THEN JUST GIVE THIS STEAK ANOTHER SHOCK."

their hair with the cloak-room attendant during the performance free of charge, whether many would take advantage of the privilege.

Since Mrs. RUSSELL SAGE announced her intention of giving away the bulk of her huge fortune to needy individuals who are too proud to ask for aid, she has, we hear, been inundated by applications from such persons.

Mr. BROADBENT, the late Mayor of Huddersfield, has, by a system of bounties, reduced the infantile mortality in his neighbourhood by more than half,



LAYING IT ON WITH A PALETTE-KNIFE.

Miss Sere. "Ah, MR. BROWN, IF YOU COULD ONLY PAINT ME AS I WAS TEN YEARS AGO!"

Our Portrait Painter (heroically). "I AM AFRAID CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS ARE NOT IN MY LINE."

LITERARY NOTES.

[Dedicated with profound acknowledgment to "F. L.," the gifted writer of exotic literary criticism in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

SIGNOR BALDASSARO GALUPPI, the eminent Sinologue, has just brought out an exhaustive brochure on the influence of the Goliardic literature on the court poets of the Manchu dynasty. Like all that comes from his pen, this elegant treatise is perfectly charming. With the antiquarian keenness of scent for which he is famous, Signor GALUPPI has been able to establish the identity of GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS with LAMBERTUS HERTZFELDENSIS, and to trace the pedigree of the eminent American authoress Mrs. MARY MAPES DODGE to WALTER MAPES, *alias* MAP, the famous author of the *Confessio Goliae*. As an instance of Signor GALUPPI's extraordinarily minute and convincing etymological analysis we may be permitted to quote his derivation of King Pepin from the Greek pronoun *ῥοπερ*, as thus: *ῥοπερ, ῥιπερ, ῥπερ, ῥπερ*,

diaper, napkin, nipkin, pipkin, pippin-king, King Pippin.

Professor QUIDDE, the author of the famous *Caligula* pamphlet, has been moved by the publication of the Hohenlohe Memoirs to write a study after the style of PLUTARCH'S *Lives*, contrasting Count BÜLOW with VOIGT, the hero of the KÖPENICK raid. He points out that they are nearly contemporaries, and that the difference in their subsequent careers was entirely due to education and environment. If Count BÜLOW had been brought up as a cobbler and VOIGT had been born the son of an ambassador, Professor QUIDDE is of opinion that it is quite on the cards that their rôles might have been reversed. Incidentally he notices the fact, which has so far escaped the observation of all publicists, that KÖPENICK is obviously connected with COPERNICUS, a discovery which throws a flood of light on the ultimate trend of Germany's naval policy.

At a time when there seems to be a

revival of interest in psychical phenomena, it may be well to peruse the masterly but readable study on Black Magic by M. URIBURU PANGOFFLIN, in the current number of *The Guipuzcoan Gazette*. M. PANGOFFLIN, whose command of cryptic Basque places him in a position of peculiar strength as compared with other writers on the subject, appears to take the eminently common-sense view that where the *foci* in an aplanatic surface exhibit no radio-activity, it is permissible to homologate—or comperendinate as the Quinologists have it—a Mixo-Lylian gambit. Personally we should like to know what M. BECQUEREL has to say on this subject.

Other new books, it is true, are announced, but as they are in English by English authors they are obviously of no interest to me or my readers.

"WANTED.—Address of Ba Han, Kayan Village, believed to be drowned."

Rangoon Times.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Puck of Pook's Hill* (MACMILLAN) Mr. KIPLING's dear heart has been tugged this way and that by two ruling passions. He loves to talk with children, and he loves, no less, to air his erudition (as we all should if we had it). It results from these divided aims that the stories told by his "People of the Hills" are often far and far above the heads of their child-audience, *Dan and Uzza*. The "Old People" forget how young these Young People are. They may think they are telling "Plain Tales from the Hills," but they are not nearly plain enough. Best of them all, for its imaginative charm, is the tale of "Dymchurch Flit." This really is a plain tale, for there is no hill on Romney Marsh, whence the little Old People (I suppose it was the local Sloe Gin that kept them so small) flitted to happier lands, away from the horrors of the Reformation. Very fresh, too, are the stories whose scenes are laid in the latter end of the Roman occupation of Britain, a period which hardly anybody has ever expected us to realise as human. Among many new sensations we are shown how closely the attitude of the British-born Roman soldier towards his comrade from the Motherland may have resembled that of the Colonial trooper towards the home-bred article of to-day. And a thrill of novel satisfaction went through me when I found that even Mr. KIPLING was also human, and had made the mistake that most of us have made at one time or other—the mistake of supposing that "thumbs down" was the Roman signal of doom.

I have seen somewhere an advertisement of an article by Mr. ZANGWILL, entitled, "Why Jews fail in business." Personally I had no suspicion that commerce was their weak point. But if there is any co-religionist of Mr. ZANGWILL's who shares his pessimism, let him read Mr. KIPLING's poem, *Song of the Fifth River*, and be comforted. It is one of many sets of verse which introduce or follow the different tales in this book, and are, perhaps, its rarest ornament. One only I should venture to criticize—*The Children's Song*; and that because it is too difficult for children's lips. The rest are very precious jewels sewn upon a rich brocade of antique fancy.

Some day, when it no longer pays to write books, we shall all be adding insult to injury by discussing in the columns of *The Times* the question of "What to do with our Authors." When that day comes Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN must certainly be appointed Headmaster of Eton, or at least perpetual history-lecturer in ordinary to the school, with the salary of a Cabinet Minister. Imagine the joy of being "up" to Mr. WEYMAN with his own works as text-books, to say nothing of the novel experience of remembering what one was taught. I have learnt far more about the Reform Bill and Lord BROUGHAM and rotten boroughs and the Bristol Riots from his last book, *Chippinge* (SMITH, ELDER), than all the poor smattering of dry facts which I had forgotten between youth and middle age. Mr. WEYMAN's facts are so well-chosen and so thrilling and served up with so piquante a *sauce Cupidon* that they are not only easily digested but permanently assimilated into the system of the reader. In fact, to use the language favoured of those who will some day look up to Mr. WEYMAN as the "Head," *Chippinge* is a ripping good book, one of STANLEY WEYMAN's very best.

Among the first changes which the new Headmaster will initiate will doubtless be a reform of that species of refined torture peculiar to Eton known as "Sunday Q's." He will find an excellent text-book ready to his hand in *Sir John Constantine*, by "Q" (also published by SMITH, ELDER). A few specimen "Sunday Q's," with answers, based on the contents of *Sir John Constantine*, will serve to show the lines

on which examination papers should be set. Q. Who and what is "Q"? A. Mr. A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH, a well-known author of the pre-HOOVER period. Q. The dwelling-place of himself and his heroes? A. Cornwall. Q. Of what classic do their adventures in Corsica remind you? A. *Treasure Island*. Q. With how many men did Sir JOHN set out to invade the island where Who was born? A. Seven; NAPOLEON. Q. Do you like the book? A. I do.

Some of the ingrafted stories seem a trifle superfluous and long-winded, but once "Q" gets into his stride his tale is exciting, original, and remarkably well told.

Out of the clash of battle and fall of dynasties there is left living no more pathetic figure than that of the venerable lady who for seventeen years was Empress of the FRENCH. The narrative of a career whose transient brilliance was suddenly overwhelmed under a shadow of increasing gloom is told by Miss STODDART in *The Life of the Empress Eugénie* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The biographer does not profess personal intimacy, nor claim to have had access to new records. The task assigned to herself was to make close study of the almost countless contemporary notes of the daily life, the seasons of joyance, the times of trial, of the EMPRESS. The result is set forth in animated narrative compressed within reasonable limits of space. It is the record of a life whose varied course exceeds the wildest fancy of romance. Politics apart, it makes the reader acquainted with a gracious personality, who lived gaily in the sunlight, and when night fell comported herself with a quiet dignity that won the respect and esteem of the bitterest enemies of the Third Empire.

The author "IOTA"

Recently wrote a

Novel called *Smoke in the Flame*;

Pride lacking cash is

The theme that it lashes,

And HUTCHINSONS publish the same.

The characters patter

A wit-peppered chatter—

A most intellectual game;

And yet, though it's clever,

You seldom, if ever,

Can get at its object and aim.

In fact, this same tissue

Of talk clouds the issue,

Precisely as smoke does a flame;

And even "IOTA"

Could not, I think, quote a

More nicely appropriate name.

A "humorous novel" (advertised as such) may depend upon a humour of action, or a humour of words, or upon both together. If it depends chiefly on a humour of action, then the author is lucky, for the story will write itself, and all he has to do is to stand by and see that the humour comes out. If it depends upon a humour of words, then the author has a tough job before him, for he must take off his coat and see that the humour goes in. The process is known as "being funny." Some years ago the recognized way of being funny was JEROME's way; now it is JACOBS'. For the greater part of *Love among the Chickens* (NEWNES) Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE lets the humour bubble up, and the result is delightful. But just occasionally it runs dry; and then he takes off his coat to it—the resulting brand, "WODEHOUSE AND JACOBS," being flat. However, I would forgive Mr. WODEHOUSE anything in return for *S. F. Ukridge*. He is glorious—god-like, as Mr. CHESTERTON would say. On his great shoulders he carries all the lesser characters triumphantly through the book.